

The Tri-Weekly Freeman.

FRANKFORT, TUESDAY AUGUST 29,

NEW FIRM.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. BLACKBURN & GAINES, which appears in our paper this morning. Mr. Blackburn is now on east selecting an entirely new stock of goods, and from his well known taste and experience in this line, we feel confident that their assortment, will surpass invariety and quality, any ever offered before in this city. Both gentlemen are well known in this vicinity, and bear a high reputation for urbanity and business capacity, and we can assure the ladies who may patronize the establishment that they can procure any article, usually kept in their line, and upon very advantageous terms. We commend their new firm to the public, with our heartiest wishes for their success.

It may be considered little remarkable that the first victim of the Know Nothing prescription in Philadelphia is a woman. Miss Mary McCune, for many years one of the most popular and estimable teachers in the public schools in that city, has been removed from her employment by the Know Nothing directors for the simple and only reason that her father was born in Ireland, and that she worships in a Catholic church. The destructive and proscriptive spirit of Know Nothingism knows neither age nor sex. It strikes down alike young children and helpless women, if they or their fathers do not come up to their standard of excellence.—How long public opinion will tolerate such bigotry remains to be seen.

That world-renowned novelist, G. P. R. James, Esq., is out with a new novel, "Ticonderoga," it is the first fruits of his sojourn in this country. Our readers should go to Messrs. Morton & Griswold and get it, to see how his pen can work up the scenes and characters of our native land.

We noticed, in our last, Col. Da Korponey's Grand Prize Ball, which came off on Tuesday night at the Capitol Hotel, but were unable to get a list of the recipients of the prizes. They are as follows: The most valuable prize was awarded to Mrs. E. T. of Lexington. Of his Louisville class Miss A. O. Jacobs received the first prize, Miss E. Poppe the second, Miss F. Pratt the third. Of his Frankfort class Miss M. Burnley received the first, Miss B. Hord second, Miss Keenon third, Miss Cannock fourth, Miss Lindsey fifth, Miss Gray sixth, Miss Bachelor seventh, Miss Hunt eighth, and Miss Hoffner the ninth. Of the young Gents. Master F. Place received first prize, J. Watson second, Lindsey third, J. Todd fourth. Of Lexington pupils: Miss M. B. Johnson first, Miss M. Smith second, Miss N. Johnson third, Miss M. Ely fourth, Miss E. Tilford fifth, Miss Ervin sixth, Miss Chiles seventh. Young Gents.—M. Johnson first prize. Of Georgetown: Miss L. Johnson first prize. Master D. Johnson first prize.

What is fame to a heart yearning for affection and finding it not! It is like the vicer's wrath to him who is parched with fever, and longing for the one cooling draught—the cup of cold water.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT—BLOCKS FOR PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.—One of the Boston papers says that the friends of the late John S. Skinner propose to testify their respect for his public services and personal worth by raising \$6,000, of which \$5,000 is to be presented to his widow, and \$1,000, employed in placing a block inscribed to his memory in the Washington Monument. The latter part of the proposition will probably fall through, as will a similar design to have a stone for Zadock Pratt, of New York, in the Washington Monument. We trust that there is a sufficient amount of common sense in the board of Directors of the Monuments to prevent the accomplishment of any such design as that above mentioned. The Monument is to be erected to Washington not to John S. Skinner or Zadock Pratt, and the proposition is in very bad taste, to say the least. If the friends of these individuals desire to perpetuate their memories, there are plenty of ways to accomplish the object, without outraging the feelings of nine-tenths of the people, who think—and rightly think—that this monument should be sacred to Washington, and to him alone—no other person, however distinguished being permitted to share in the testimonial.

From the Louisville Democrat.

AWFUL CALAMITY!

FRIGHTFUL HURRICANE.—TWENTY PERSONS KILLED—FIFTEEN OR TWENTY OTHERS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED—A CHURCH AND SEVERAL HOUSES IN RUINS—ONE HUNDRED BUILDINGS UNROOFED AND OTHERWISE INJURED—ACCIDENTS TO THOSE RESCUING THE VICTIMS

Twelve o'clock, August 27th, 1854, will long be remembered as a terrible epoch in the history of Louisville.

With that hour came death to many persons assembled in the house of God, engaged in worship, and destruction to a vast amount of property in the city.

One of the most violent storms which has ever swept over this section of Kentucky left its dreadful footprints in the city yesterday. After a severe drought of many weeks duration, the sky, early in the day, indicated rain. The clouds gathered, and we had what persons, not within the reach of the tornado accompanying it, could call a thunder shower. But within the reach of its sweeping breath was the Third Presbyterian Church, corner of Eleventh and Walnut street, which it completely wrecked—blowing

from a westwardly direction, the entire building fell in, roof, rafters, brick walls and all, crushing some twenty of the congregation to instant death, and wounding seriously, perhaps mortally, some ten or twelve others. The scene is described as most heart-rending. A large crowd assembled, and began their search for the victims, a mother and her three children were grouped in death; another presented a father, mother and babe—the father dead, the mother mortally wounded, while their little child, placed beneath them, escaped unharmed, protected by the forms, of its parents. In other instances some of the victims were found, terribly bruised and maimed. The catastrophe has stricken consternation into the very heart of the city, and its people are appalled beyond belief. The following is a list of killed and wounded:

KILLED.

Mrs Vildabe and three children, residence corner of Tenth and Green streets.

Mr Taylor and child, residence on Chestnut between Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

Mr Godfrey, residence on Thirteenth, between Madison and Chestnut.

Mrs Salisbury, wife of Mr Salisbury, city pump maker, residence on Ninth street, between Walnut and Chestnut.

Miss Headley, aged about eleven years, residence on Fifteenth street.

Joe McGowan, residence on Market, between Ninth and Tenth.

Mr Sweeney, carpenter, residence corner of Eighth and Broadway.

Mrs Martin, wife of John N. Martin, saddle maker, residence unknown.

Mrs Wicks, wife of Capt Wm Wicks, residence not known.

Nieces of Mrs Martin, residence not known.

Mr Barbour, residence on Ninth, between Magazine street and Broadway.

Mr McLeland, of the Kentucky Locomotive Works, residence not known.

Mr R. Davis, residence, New Albany.

Mr McBride and child, residence on Walnut, between Eleventh and Twelfth.

It is thought that one, or probably two others, were killed, whose names we have not learned.

WOUNDED.

Mrs Taylor, wife of Mr Taylor, who was killed and child. Both severely.

Miss Duff, residence on Eighth street, between Walnut and Chestnut; three ribs broken, and otherwise injured. Will probably recover.

Mrs Pennebaker, wife of Mr Pennebaker, City Councilman from the Sixth Ward; slightly injured.

Mrs Morsell, dangerously injured. No hopes of recovery.

Miss Morsell, aged eighteen years; severely injured, but will probably recover.

Mrs Hewitt and child, residence on Market street, between Ninth and Tenth. Badly hurt, but will recover.

Wash Ragan, of the Eighth ward police severely injured.

Mr Bradley, bricklayer, had an eye knocked out while efforts were being made to rescue him from the ruins.

Miss Cooper, severely injured.

It is known that some twenty other persons were injured, but we were unable to ascertain their names.

Coronet held inquiries upon some of the victims, among whom was Alexander McLeland, a gentleman recently from New York, who was engaged at the Kentucky Locomotive Works. Upon his person were found \$91 in gold, and a silver watch.

Upon the body of Mr Sweeney, another victim, was found a purse containing \$50.

A newsboy, who was near the Church at the time, was blown fifty yards against a plank fence, and quite seriously injured.

At the time the dreadful accident occurred, there were some ninety persons in the church, about forty of whom, it is thought, were buried in the ruins. Up to 8 o'clock last night, nineteen dead bodies had been found. The rubbish has been almost entirely removed, and it is probable that all who were killed have been taken out.

THE STORM.

The storm which passed over the city yesterday was one of the most destructive that ever occurred in the West. It commenced about 12 o'clock, passing over that portion of the city lying between Fifth and Twenty-first streets, tearing up trees, toppling houses, and prostrating a large number of buildings.

Capt Greenlaw's new steamer, "New Memphis," lying at the lower city wharf, between Sixth and Seventh streets, was almost completely wrecked. The cabin, which was in a forward state of completion, was blown entirely off, and fell into the river, near Corn Island, and much injured. It is thought that it will take \$5,000 to repair the damages to the boat. This steamer, it will be remembered, made a narrow escape from destruction by fire, six or seven weeks ago.

The new steamer W. W. Farmer, the Colvert, and one or two other boats, were blown from their moorings, and lodged on the rocks, opposite the foot of Fifth street. They all succeeded in getting off, however, without sustaining much injury.

The splendid block of fair story houses, recently erected on the north side of Main street, between eighth and ninth, were completely destroyed, and it is thought that two or three men were buried in the ruins. These buildings were considered to be the most substantial ones in the city, the walls being of great thickness, and well put up. They were owned Robert Beatty, Esq.; Messrs. Wright & Bridgford, and were erected at a cost \$15,000. We learn that the shock produced by the falling of these buildings, was fearful in the extreme, and caused great consternation in the vicinity, many supposing that it was an earthquake.

The upper story of the extensive Pope and Bunting Factory of W. A. Richardson & Co., on Magazine street, between eleventh and twelfth streets, was blown down, and portions of it carried a distance of several hundred yards. We were unable to ascertain the amount of loss, but presume it will be several thousand dollars.

The new city School House, at the corner of ninth and Magazine streets, was unroofed, and portions of the tin roofing carried a distance of three hundred yards. A large piece, which looked like it would weigh two or three tons, fell into a yard, about two hundred yards distant. The damage to the School House will amount to six or eight hundred dollars.

The roof of the Blind Asylum, on Chestnut, between eighth and ninth streets, was badly damaged.

The Medical College, on Chestnut street, between eighth and ninth, was much injured.

The residence of Mr Johnson, Broad Inspector, on the corner of ninth street and Broadway, was completely unroofed. Damages four or five hundred dollars.

Several houses on eighth, street between Magazine and Chestnut, belonging to Mr Fuller, were unroofed.

The residence of Mr J. Callahan, on the corner of ninth and Magazine, was considerably injured.

The beautiful family residence of Col Wm Riddle, on Kentucky street, between eighth and ninth, was unroofed.

The residence of Mr Joseph Lilley, on Tenth street, between Magazine and Chestnut, was much injured; a portion of the back part of the building was blown down.

Two brick cottages on Eleventh street, between Magazine and Broadway were partially blown down.

The back part of the German Protestant Orphan Asylum, on Jefferson street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, was unroofed.

Two small brick houses on Twentieth street, between Jefferson and grayson, were unroofed; one belonged to Mr. Short, and the other to Mr.

Nugent. Mrs. Nugent was asleep in her house when the accident occurred but singular to say, escaped unharmed.

A row of twenty-one brick cottages, on Kentucky street, belonging to Messrs. Cochran and Musselman, were all completely unroofed. A little boy, whose name we did not learn, was killed by the falling of a piece of timber.

Many other houses were injured, which we have not space to specify this morning. Trees were uprooted in every part of the city, most of them below Sixth street.

We are informed, that in Shippingport and Portland, the storm was very light, and no damage of consequence was sustained.

There was a rumor in the city last night, that a church in New Albany was struck by lightning, and a large number of persons killed; but we could trace the report to no reliable source.

We understand that the storm was very severe in Jeffersonville, and that three or four houses were blown down.

JOHN MITCHEL AND ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—Archbishop Hughes is famous for his newspaper controversies. He has, at least, one or two every year. He seems to enjoy the exercise. His last piece of recreation in this line was a series of anonymous letters to a contemporary who certainly did not have the best it. In one of these letters, finally acknowledged by the Bishop, he administered some smart lashes over Mr. Mitchell's shoulders. The following are specimens.

Mr. Sweeney, carpenter, residence corner of Eighth and Broadway.

Mrs Martin, wife of John N. Martin, saddle maker, residence unknown.

Mr. Wicks, wife of Capt Wm Wicks, residence not known.

Miss Cooper, residence corner of Ninth and Tenth.

Mr. H. W. Ball, residence on Chestnut between Eleventh and Twelfth.

Mr. G. W. Ball, residence on Chestnut between Eleventh and Twelfth.

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The Cri-Weekly Yeoman,

ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Mme D—, who resided at Chaton, was a lady insensible to virtue and of a heart proof against allurement. She prided herself upon the great insensibility and her profound indifference, had repulsed all those gallants who had ventured to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasures of the world had for her no attraction, and her favorite recreation was that of angling—an amusement worthy of an unfriendly woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and the line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coldness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit, one day when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath. He observed her for a long time without discovery, and bethuse himself with thinking he might turn to his advantage this lonely an amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient indeed—yet they were always most successful with such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D—had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelf, and after having divested himself of his clothing he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skilful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the bank and the bushes which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on arriving near the spot where Mme. D—was sitting, he made a dive and lightly seizing the hook he attached to his letter.

Mme. D—perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man had returned; he came; he had doubled the cape, which extending out into the water, separated them from each other, and had regained his spot without the least noise, in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Mme. D—pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shinier, but an unexpected letter.

This was however trifling, but her surprise became stupefaction, when on detaching the transfix bullet she read upon the envelope, her name!

Then, this letter, which she had fished up, was addressed to her!

This was somewhat infractions. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be seen or heard; all was still and lonely, both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, took away the letter, as soon as she was alone, and doffed with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter, and commenced its perusal.

A declaration of love! cried she at the first words. What insolence!

Still the insouale had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it without a reading.

Noske read it quite through. The lover, who dated his note from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting tone which he adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Mme. D—returned to the island, not without emotion, and some trace of fear, and threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment after she perceived the movement of the hook.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter?

It was a letter.

Mme. D—was no believer in angle still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but relinquished it. The stout-bomb and haughty woman is always dismised in face of that strange mystery which captivates her imagination.

This second letter was more tender, more passionate, more charming than the first. Mme. D—read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful man who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, while she withdrew to a hiding place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to the place—Withdrew the line—and there was the letter!

This time an answer was requested. It was, perhaps, premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into that portion of the bank where she was sure that the diver would emerge from the water.

But this piece of letters amused her. First it pained her intellect, and then her heart was interested; finally her feelings and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote:

"Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chaton."

The lover answered:

"Yes, if you will do: Hope."

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so!"

And the word was written.

The young man appeared, and was not a loser. This gift of pleasure belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D—caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to re-marry. Holding the line, she had been caught by the fish.

Strange Life of a Murderer

A writer in the Thomasville Watchman gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in dungeon. It seems nothing to what he has endured.—

"About twenty one year ago a young lady of this section of country belonging to a respectable family became the victim of a vile seducer: the fruit was a boy who is the subject of our narrative. His mother, as in the case usually with those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and in some respects very extraordinary. When only seven years old, he was attending a sugar cane mill, by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his hand.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattle-

snake; being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately he used the proper antidote, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; but by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father, which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snatched, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked, while hunting in the wood, by a very large panther. The panther soon torn him down exhibited his impervious to the shafts of love. No one approached her for a moment's conversation without experiencing a freezing sensation which ill accorded with the liquid lustrous glances of her eye. She was to all appearances surrounded with such an impregnable battery of natural virtues, that the most experienced roué would forego a seige.

But the riding master, late of the Hungarian Cavalry, like Caesar, could say, "Veni, vidi vici." The Hungarian has a wife, brought from his own ill-jated country, and one day had occasion to go for something in the dressing room of the riding school, where the lady pupils are in the habit of making their toilette. She opened the door and said—"It matters not, it was not that she sought. Suffice it to say that her husband and his pupil were there.

A woman is quick to seek vengeance, and the injured wife, while the injured husband was absent from the city, enjoying the luxury of Tawawa Springs, repaire to the father of the lady, whose equestrian tastes had manifested themselves so plainly, and related the whole circumstance. The father called upon the Hungarian, who like a soldier that feared not death, bared his breast and asked t'at he might be killed, alledging that his pupil was a Potipher's wife, and he Joseph. Fortunately nobody feels that there has been any great injury done, as there have been no separations; but the professor of riding has been compelled to resign, on account of the ladies fearing from the reputation of the horse which shamed her whom he had so sternly forced the vigor of her chamber and conducted her about five miles through the woods, to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place upon which the byzantine after had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of lightwood knots and the pale rays of the moon alone, out her foal into the former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; but he was too well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis and like a brave and undaunted boy, pursued his course, and in accordance with his anticipations, was lawfully married about 12 or 1 o'clock night. His moccasin bite did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he carried his wife to the home which he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was then full, and that he would then enjoy that bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought. He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler, the result was—Wheeler was killed, and our hero after a regular trial in a court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter, and now at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife his anticipated babe, and his sweet home to the penitentiary, to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, which to him must seem long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune. Having misfortune endear? Alas! who can tell? That fact is yet concealed by the dark curtains of futurity.

Invasion of the Crimea—Attempt to take Sebastopol.

It seems to be well settled, that a formidable movement is to be made by the English, French and Turks, to Sebas-topol, with some 80,000 men. A leading French paper, the Journal des Debats, says great and important additions have been made to the strength of Sebastopol on the land side, and the allied arms will meet with a formidable resistance. That paper says:

"We'll see if they'll do this." Supposing you are an old horse—I should drive you to mill. And 'posse I should cut up the fastenings on the flings, and you should run up and kick up, and break the breech, and, finally you should fall into the ditch and break your cocoon neck—who'd pay for ye?" Would 12' ask the excited veteran, in a voice of thunder. "No! I'd be hammered into your shoe-nails, and driven into the devil's cloven foot afore I paid the last cent!"

By this time the volunteer colonel had retreated to the door of the apartment, and after informing her client that this was a plain case, and he need not fear an action for damages she disappeared, resolving never again to give advice to her husband's customers.

Death of Strother D. Mitchell—We regret to announce the death of Strother D. Mitchell, Esq., of Mt. Sterling, Ky., which took place on Tuesday night last at his residence in that town. He died of Flux, which we regret to learn is prevailing with fearful malignity in Montgomery and both counties, causing the death of many valuable citizens. Mr. Mitchell was a young man of high promise, and his death will be deeply lamented by an extended circle of warmly attached relatives and friends. He was a prominent member of the bar in Mt. Sterling, had several times represented the county of Montgomery in the State Legislature, and was a lawyer and advocate of the highest respectability. His death following so quickly upon that of Thomas J. Hood, Esq., also a prominent member of the Montgomery bar, will be severely felt not only by the people of the county in which he lived, but by the whole population of eastern Kentucky.—Lex. Obs. & Rep.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the farm on which I reside, lying three miles from Frankfort on the turnpike leading to Lexington, and one-half a mile from the Lexington and Frankfort turnpike, containing 480 acres of land—one hundred and fifty of which are cleared and set in blue grass—the balance in an excellent state of cultivation. There is good stock water on every arm of the farm, and an excellent spring and cistern in the rear buildings good, consisting of a Two Story, Double Brick Dwelling, Kitchen, Spring House, Ice House, Stables, Negro House, &c. Persons wishing to purchase will be called and speak the premises.

March 2, 1854—D. FREEMAN, Supt.

W. A. LATHAM, Agt.

For instant relief and rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Cold, Hoarseness, Croup, and all Disorders of the Lungs and Chest.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry?

The best Remedy ever known to Man

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza, Bleeding of the lungs, Difficult Breathing, Liver Affections, Pain or

Weakness of the Breast or Side, &c.

4c.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, is a chemical extract of Wild Cherry and Tar. Every body knows the Wild Cherry possesses important medicinal properties; and that Tar Water has always been administered in Consumption and Lung Affections generally, by our oldest and safest physicians. Various remedies have been offered for the cure of diseases of the lungs, but all that have been discovered, it is admitted by physicians, are not so successful as this. For Asthma—Shortness of Breath, and similar affections, it may be pronounced a positive cure. I have cured Asthma in many cases of ten and twenty years standing, after physicians had declared the case beyond the reach of medicine.

"This Balsam is made from materials which nature has placed in all northern latitudes, as an antidote for diseases caused by cold climates.

"Nature has given the name for an effect.

"Whoever cause is God."

Let me not neglect her plainest dictates.

Price \$1 per bottle—six bottles for \$5.

Sol. by J. D. PARK, Cincinnati, O.

Northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut streets—on

trace on Walnut street—to whom all orders must be addressed.

J. M. Mills, Frankfort; Thos. S. Barkley & Co., Lexington; G. C. Smith, Versailles; H. & R. Ridings, Lexington; Gibney & Cassell, Covington; J. McRoberts, Midway; Twyman & Delman, Lawrenceburg; Blackstock & Fishback, Shelbyville; Adams & Tude, Owenton; J. H. D. Parker, Madisonville; A. McTigue, New Haven; A. C. Curtis, Covington; J. P. Herod, Louisville; A. H. Higgin & Co., Mt. Sterling; Smith & Allen, Owingsville; C. Hart & Co., Flemingsburg; A. J. Lamson, Grayson; H. S. Bush & Co., Corbin; H. S. Korn, Frankfort; Dr. E. T. Clark, Lebanon; F. S. Seaton & Co., Mayfield; Wm. Dora, Brookville; F. German & Son, Fairmont; Smith & Riley, Alexandria; Wm. Brown, Independence; F. A. Adams, Bedford; J. & P. H. Miller, Taylorville; J. W. Burgett, Elizabethtown; B. W. Edwards, Munfordville; J. R. Barr, Glasgow; J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville.

Feb. 13, '54—Y.

Persons wishing to purchase will be called and speak the premises.

March 2, 1854.

Com't copy.

FRANKLIN FEMALE INSTITUTE,

NEAR FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

This Institute, under the charge of the undersigned

is assisted by an able corps of Teachers, will be re-opened on MONDAY 4TH SEPTEMBER.

A limited number of day-pupils will be admitted.

FRANCIS LLOYD.

Aug. 1, 1854.—I.

DESCRIPTION.

W. J. Addison is about five feet nine or ten inches high about forty years old dark complexion, black hair, eyes, stop, shoulder'd, sometimes wears short whiskers, downcast look, and speaks slow.

Aug. 11, 1854.

American Almanac, 1854

JUST received and for sale by

EVANS & CO.

RODOLPHUS KENT.

His mother, or nearest kin, may find out something

of importance, if they apply to me, at an early day.

THOMAS S. PAGE.

Frankfort, Ky., June 23, 1854.

Concord and Lou. Journal publish one month weekly, on days once a week for one month.

E. L. SAMUEL.

SEED POTATOES.

100 bushels Nestanook Potatoes, expressly for seed.

150 bushels Pink Eye Potatoes;

50 bushels Gena Potatoes;

50 bushels Snowball Potatoes—for sale by

n. 21 E. L. SAMUEL.

GREENWOOD FEMALE SEMINARY,

FRANKFORT, KY.

MRS. M. T. RUNYAN, Principal.

THE 21st Session of this School will commence on the FIRST Monday in August, (August 1, 1854.)

EXPENSES PER SESSION.

Board, including Fuel and Lights, \$50.00

Tuition, \$10, 12, 15, and 20.00

Mus. or Guitar or Piano, \$5.00

Use of Piano for practice, \$5.00

